

# THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,  
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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Vol. 1.

## PHILOLOGY.

"Of making books there is no end."

To smooth the path to knowledge, and remove as far as possible the stumbling blocks which inattention or ignorance has either thrown or left in the way, is an employment which would honour any man; and which the most learned have descended to, if indeed it is proper to term that condescension which deserves the highest praise. But when books are multiplied uselessly, and to subvert no rational purpose, except indeed the profits of the paper-maker, printer, bookseller, &c. when parents are put to needless expense in furnishing new books for their children, at the whim of the teacher, or it may be because some interest is in question, when ten to one their old books are better, they then become a nuisance. I have been led to these observations by lately taking up, at a friend's house, a book denominated "Picket's Grammar." What! thought I, is here another grammar? I hope Mr. P. has found some happy expedient to make the study of grammar more delightful, or at least easier than when I used to puzzle over Murray; however, I was rather discouraged by the motto which he had made choice of, viz. "The rudiments of every language must be given as a task, and not as an amusement." Now, that is a position I deny; but of that hereafter. I went on, and to my—no, not to my astonishment, for I was not disappointed; I did not find a single amendment, although several alterations, which, by-the-by, are worse than no alterations; for why alter except to amend? If altered, it must either be for the better or the worse, and the latter is evidently the case here. I cannot possibly have any thing like hostile or unfriendly feelings towards Mr. Picket, for I know not the gentleman even by sight. I have heard of him as a great teacher, and a great bookmaker; but I know no more. However, in order to justify the observations I have made, I shall just go over some of the definitions in orthography for the present, and if these alterations are defended, I may then go farther.

MURRAY.

A Vowel is an articulate A Vowel is a letter, the sound that can be per-name of which generally feclly uttered by itself; makes a full, open, per-as, a, e, o; which are fecl sound. formed without the help of any other sound.

PICKET.

A Consonant is an artic- A Consonant is a letter culate sound, which can-which has a sound less not be perfectly uttered distinct than that of a without the help of a vowel; as, l, m, p. vowel; as, b, d, f, l, which require vowels to express them fully.

The mutes cannot be A mute is a consonant sounded at all without which cannot be sounded the aid of a vowel. at all without a vowel.

The semi-vowels have A semi-vowel is a con-an imperfect sound of sonant which can be im-themselves. perfectly sounded with-out a vowel.

Four of the semi-vow- Of these, l, m, n, and els, namely, l, m, n, r, are r, are termed liquids, be-disinguisht by the name cause they readily unite of liquids, from their rea- with other consonants, dily uniting with other and glide\* into their consonants, and flowing\* sound. as it were into their sounds.

\* Why Mr. P. should have substituted "glide" for "flowing" is hard to conceive, unless it was merely for the sake of alteration; for surely "flowing" is more analogous to the term "liquid" than "glide."

A Syllable is a sound, A Syllable is a word, either simple or com-or part of a word, or as pounded, pronounced by much as can be sounded; a single impulse of the as, tar; far, in farmer.\* voice, and constituting a word, or part of a word; as, a, an, ant.

While I am on the subject, I may as well avail myself of the opportunity to do what I have long wished, that of hinting at the obligation *uninformed teachers* are under to Mr. P. for his Spelling-book; in which he has kindly subjoined notes at the bottom of the pages, to show how the letters are sounded! It must have been for the benefit of teachers, for it cannot be supposed that children can be benefitted by them, because before they can possibly understand them they will not require their help. It is something like another wiseacre scheme, common in spelling-books, that of affixing the sound of the letter by—spelling it; as, A, ai—B, bee, &c. &c., as if any body could read the word before they knew the letters.

Q. Z.

\* I conceive in this example Mr. P. has contradicted his own hypothesis; for if a syllable is as much of a word as can be sounded at once, then "far" in farmer is not a syllable—it is only part of one, since "farm" can be sounded at once as easily as far."

## MEMOIR.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

(Concluded.)

WHEN soil has lain fallow for some time, we naturally look to find the crop so abundant as to compensate for the time lost in producing that exuberance; and similar expectations, under similar circumstances, are entertained of the growth of the mind. In the race of life, there is no standing still. One must either press onward like the rest, or the rest will soon press him down, and pass over him. And thus it is also in that world within a world, that wheel within a wheel, the sphere of literature. Let a man display ever so refulgent a genius, and let him feed its beam ever so equally and attentively, yet unless the curious light be perpetually increasing in brilliancy, it will soon fall upon our eyes with the dulness of satiety, and even seem to be fading in the socket. These metaphorical wanderings of ours are perhaps not wholly without an object, and a worthy one; but our dislike to that arrogance of dictation, so common with modern critics, in discussing the merits of any author, however transcendantly excellent, restrains us here from further pursuing that inference, which we still trust will be drawn from the observations now concluded. Of the *Sketch-Book*, it is enough to record that it was first opened to the public eye in 1820; and of *Bracebridge-Hall*, that it is a kind of sequel to the *Sketch-Book*, and that it was first given to the world in 1823. What more might be said respecting these two *chefs d'œuvres*, would, no less in a future age than in the present, be as "a tale twice told." In 1824

appeared the "Tales of a Traveller," which were noticed with some severity [in the *European Magazine* at that time.] In extenuation of the faults then condemned, it may be urged that the author was a much younger man when he wrote those Tales, than when they were put in print. The account of them given in the preface, and of the motives for publishing them, we have reason to think is strictly correct. They had been lying, it seems, for many years past, in the trunk or port-manteau of our Traveller; and, strange to say! the most finished piece of the whole work—the philosophical and pathetic narrative of Buckthorne, appears to have been the longest composed. One of the greatest pleasures we have in re-perusing that beautiful story, is our certainty, that the author must feel an honest, though regretful, wish that he had brought it out in better company.

Mr. Irving's person is of the middle height, and well proportioned. His countenance is handsome and intelligent, with dark hair and eyes, fine teeth, and a very engaging expression about the mouth. His manners are modest, but easy; his movements have a grace that seems natural to them, and he is animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation. He has a great sensibility to pathos, a keen relish for humour, and a quick perception of the ludicrous; but in his remarks he is very rarely satirical, and never sarcastic, though his writings are so happily distinguished for gentle touches of caricature. His disposition is amiable and affectionate, and his conduct has ever been guided by it to acts of kindness and generosity. His character furnishes a model of correctness, yet he is full of forbearance and indulgence for the foibles and errors of others. He is now in the prime of life, and his appearance is also youthful for his years.

He is conversant with ancient literature; but his writings are seldom or never interlarded with quotations from the dead languages; a practice which he avoids as savouring of affectation. He is deeply read in the sterling old English writers, and no doubt it is from that source he has derived much of the raciness of language and vividness of idea, which diffuse such a charm over his style. He is familiar (in the original tongue) with the most valuable authors in French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature; but he seems to have studied these languages rather for the improvement of his taste, than to make any display of erudition in his writings. His mind has thus become enriched with a most precious and extensive store of knowledge, from which he can at pleasure draw materials for his various publications.

Some uninformed, or—what is worse—half-informed writers, have stated rather incorrectly that Washington Irving was formerly engaged in commerce. The fact is this. Having a deep interest in the estate of some relatives of his, who were unfortunate in their speculations, he quickly repaired hither from the continent, not only to advance his pecuniary claims, but to give the falling firm whatever support it could receive from his personal exertions, at such an overwhelming crisis.

It has been reported too, that his pencil can fill a Sketch-Book as picturesquely as his pen; but, as Mr. Irving is one of the last men in the world to wish for more praise than is his due, we have no hesitation in professing our scepticism as to his having attained any striking proficiency in the "minic art."

Mr. Irving has been styled "the Goldsmith of the age," but we would rather call him "the Campbell of prose," for he has the same triteness and polish, the same touching pathos, and the same equability, broken only by ascensions to a style of greater elevation. Perhaps the pictures of both these great delineators of poetic nature have too much of cloudless blue and skiey back-ground. But then it is without a single flaw, and the only change of tint is to something brighter or more alluring. Yet the parallel does not hold throughout. Irving's touches, though as minute and elaborate as Campbell's, blend more imperceptibly, and make the general effect more surprising, forasmuch as the immediate causes are less visible. Campbell works in mosaic—Irving in enamel. The one leads you step by step to the summit of Vathek's heaven-kissing tower; the other wafts you thither like a balloon tossed up by the "hands unseen" of young summer breezes. But the prospect, after all, is the same, whichever way arrived at. The bard of Hoenlinden is an admirable scene-painter;—so is Greenwood of old Drury: but Crayon in the shifting and arrangement of his scenery, reminds us of "The House that Jack\* built." Both are Prosperos, of the same magic power; but the attendant spirits of one are palpable, while those of the other melt at once into thin air, as often as we stretch forth a hand to seize them.

This ethereal quality in Geoffrey Crayon's imaginative creations, must render him eminently capable of transfusing into our language the magical beauties of the German novelists; and we have good ground for believing that his portfolio contains many delightful evidences of such a capacity as we attribute to him.

It is whispered that at a late convivial meeting of literati, some one hinted to Mr. Irving his fitness to undertake a translation of the minor tales by the author of Don Quixote. Such a version must of necessity be an improvement on the original; and what a high treat might we not expect from the united talents of Irving and Cervantes!

European Magazine for April.

\* John Kemble.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE HUDSON.

[The object of this publication is to cherish, and introduce to general notice, the literature and talents of America; and whether in the department of historical research, profound erudition, or the lighter walks of fancy and novelty, it will be our constant and invariable aim to bring before our readers every production which is calculated to reflect honour on our country, or our country's sons. Turning over the daily journals of the past week, the following from the classic pen of CARTER, obtained our notice; and as we know how highly the public appreciate this gentleman's abilities, we believe it would be an injustice to our readers, were it excluded from the columns of the Athenæum.]

The morning overtook us in Haverstraw Bay, with mountains, woodlands, and green fields in full view. No description for the three-thousandth time will be attempted. There was one scene, however, which was in some measure new, and certainly not uninteresting. Upon one of the verdant little points, projecting into the Hudson, near Haverstraw, you know there is a beautiful seat, commanding a full view of the river. In the court-yard of the mansion, upon a seat overhung with a copse of lilacs in full bloom, the whole family were seen, in a group, taking the morning air, and surveying the beauty of the quiet scene around them. Some of the party were recognized, though at a distance. \*

The rapidity of the Chancellor merely enabled us to say, "hail and farewell" to Long Cove, Anthony's Nose, Kosciusko's Garden, West-Point, the ruins of Fort Putnam, and peak after peak in the High Lands. I never pass these enchanted hills, familiar as they have become, without discovering some new object of admiration. This morning, for the first time, a bright little cascade was seen dancing down the gray cliffs of the Crow's Nest. What a barbarous and unclassical name is this for a mountain, which may vie in grandeur with Olympus or Parnassus!—The appellations of most of the places in this vicinity are bad, not corresponding at all with their beauties.

Our passage is rendered extremely pleasant, by a number of acquaintances on board, whose instructive conversation can fill up the intervals left in the survey of nature at this charming season. One of our fellow-travellers has been the world over, engaged in pursuits which have rendered him a close observer of natural objects. He has thrice traversed the Island of Cuba, and is intimately acquainted with its climate, soil, resources, and the present condition of its inhabitants. In his opinion, the anticipated revolution and the establishment of a free government, will make it one of the richest and most delightful countries in the world. The same gentleman has travelled over every section of the United States. There is scarcely a river he has not ascended, or a mountain he has not climbed; and he is able to call them all by name.

We have on board another gentleman, who has just been into the interior of this

State, returning through Pennsylvania. He gave us a full, and no doubt, accurate account of the political opinions and sentiments of the people, with respect to the proceedings of the last legislature, the judiciary, state roads, canals, and other topics of the day. His comparison between New-York and Pennsylvania left a large balance of advantages in favour of the former. Inadequate as our judiciary system appears to be, it is far preferable to that of our neighbour, where litigation is more frequent, more tardy, and more expensive. The provisions for the administration of justice, in the counties of Pennsylvania, add greatly to the burdens of taxation, which in that State is direct, and bears heavy upon the people. Taxes are more than double the amount paid by the same description of persons in New-York. This circumstance must greatly retard the progress of the State, particularly in the settlement of its wild lands. In New-York, on the contrary, taxation is annually becoming lighter and lighter; and if the same rates of toll upon the Canals are retained, the income of these great works will more than defray the whole expenses of the government. When the Erie Canal is completed, and the immense country upon the Lakes has a dense population, which will be the case in a few years, it is estimated that the revenue, from this source alone, will not be less than a million of dollars annually. With such a prospect in view, we can hardly set limits to the resources of this State, and to the wealth of its great commercial emporium.

But my sheet is full, and the bustle for dinner commences—a circumstance which the reader will, probably, not much regret, so that it puts an end to this letter. "Kingston baggage" has already been sung upon deck. Wind and weather permitting, we may again ascend the Catskill, and breathe its pure atmosphere.—Many additional conveniences have been added to the accommodation at Pine Orchard, among which is an excellent glass, enabling the visitants to see persons walking on the opposite side of the Hudson, at the distance of 15 or 20 miles.

### BOSTON IN 1699.

The following notice of Boston is from the "*Trip to America*," written by Edward Ward in 1699, and published the next year in London. It will be seen that the modern English traveller is kept in countenance, by a reference to the work of his ancestors, and that it was the fashion to scandalize the Americans in the 16th, as well as in the 18th century.—Speaking of Boston, Ward says,

"The buildings, like their women, are neat and handsome; the streets, like the hearts of their male inhabitants, paved with pebble; more religious zealots than honest men, more parsons than churches, more churches than parishes; for the town, unlike the people, is subject to no division."

Galaxy.



## "FORGET ME NOT."

A TALE.

"FORGET me not," said the lovely Julia Mortimer to the gallant Henry Neville, as the latter took his farewell, upon his departure to join his ship for a cruise against the French; "forget me not, though others more deserving than myself may seek to attach and to entice thee from her who lives only for her Henry." "Forget thee! no, never: sooner shall this arm forget its duty in the day of battle, than I fail to remember and love the dear one who alone can make life worth desiring. In battle, thy image will nerve my arm with more than human strength; in every danger I shall think thy protecting form is hovering near me, to animate to more than mortal daring; and, oh! how eagerly shall I anticipate that hour when we shall once more meet." "Come, come, no more leave-takings, they only serve to make young folks melancholy," exclaimed Captain Adamant to his young protegee; "give her one salute, my boy, and then up anchor and away." Henry pressed the passive form of Julia in his arms, imprinted one fervent kiss upon her pallid lips, and yielding the weeping fair one to her aged parent, he followed his commander out of the house, and was soon separated many miles from the one so dearly loved and honoured.

The father of Julia was a pious clergyman, who lived in a retired part of the County of Glamorgan. She was his only child: her mother had been long since dead; and she alone was left, of a numerous family, to cheer the latter days of her surviving parent, and smooth his passage to the grave. Henry Neville was the son of an old school-fellow of Mr. Mortimer's, who had been early left an orphan, with a small independency, to the care of that gentleman. Educated in the same house, sharing the same amusements, partaking of the same pleasures, it would have been a phenomenon in the history of the human heart if he and Julia had not imbibed an affection for each other, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," and became in time the most cherished passion of their young and guileless hearts. Julia never knew a sorrow till this, her first departure from Henry Neville—for she was too young when her mother, and her brothers, and sisters, like the golden leaves in autumn, fell, one by one, around her, to feel the keenness of her loss. Now, when she retired with her father to the little parlour where the trio had spent so many happy evenings; busy memory pictured the past delights, whilst fear and apprehensions were ready to anticipate doubts that they never would be experienced again.

Captain Adamant, with whom Henry Neville had departed, was a bold seaman, who had accidentally encountered the youth some two or three years before this period, in travelling from Swansea to Cardiff. The day was tempestuous, the snow was falling in large and heavy flakes,

and already covered the ground to a considerable depth. The Captain had lost his way, and benumbed and bewildered, would probably have lost his life, had not Henry met him, and conducted him to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Mortimer.—The frank and ingenuous manners of the youth, won the regard of the rough seaman, who, before they parted, made him an offer of his protection, on Henry's saying, that of all the professions in the world, he should like to be a sailor. That offer was renewed afterwards by letter; and much against Mr. Mortimer's inclinations, and still more against those of Julia, the gallant youth, on attaining the age of seventeen, thinking it high time to quit a life of inglorious ease, when his country was in danger, took the opportunity of a visit which Captain Adamant paid to his hospitable entertainers on a former occasion, to return with him to his ship, which was cruising in the Irish Channel.

Every thing was new on board the Emerald to the young sailor; but his genuine good humour soon made him a favourite with both officers and men; and his application and aptitude, early made him a proficient in a seaman's duty. His contempt of danger admirably qualified him for a nautical life, and before he had been at sea six months, Captain Adamant prophesied he would be an ornament to the profession.

Whilst Henry was thus "reaping golden opinions" from the ship's crew, Julia and her father were endeavouring to render his absence supportable, by an assiduous attention to their duties, and to each other. Time can never hang heavily on the hands of the virtuous, particularly when every moment of it is employed.—They were, therefore, rather surprised to find the days and weeks pass away with more swiftness than they had anticipated; and letters from Henry, who wrote at every opportunity, served as topics of interesting conversations when the business of the day was finished; and, retired from the busy hum of men, the father and daughter sought, over their own comfortable fire-sides, that inexpressible pleasure which results from the mutual and endearing confidence of a fondly attached parent and child.

A year had thus passed away, and Julia was looking forward to the pleasure of seeing Henry, who had proceeded with Captain Adamant on a mission into the Mediterranean, and was on his return home. He had promised in his last letter to obtain leave of absence, if only for a few days, on the arrival of the vessel at Portsmouth: and from the moment she received it, the lovely girl was busied in making preparations for his reception.

One day she noticed an unusual bustle in the village, and many persons were seen hurrying, with looks of importance, as if some event of concern to the state which had just transpired; the barber's shop, of which there was a view from the

parlour window, appeared to be full of anxious listeners to a man, who was apparently reading something from a printed paper; while the smith, whose forge stood at the corner of the green, was resting on his anvil, and eagerly receiving in the news which a person on horseback was retailing to him; and presently a loud huzza from the assembly at Ned Frizzle's, proclaimed that the intelligence, whatever it was, was good. "Do, Nanny," said Mr. Mortimer to his servant, "do, Nanny, step over to Mr. Frizzle's, and ask him what good news he has received from Cardiff, and make haste back and tell me." Away flew Nanny, with the speed of an arrow from a bow, but before she reached the shop, a manifest change was observable in the deportment of its inmates.—The ardour of joy seemed changed to the sadness of grief; and it appeared to Julia as if some of them looked towards the parsonage with emotions of pity and regret. An ominous foreboding took possession of her mind: she retired from the window, and seating herself in a chair, mechanically took up a portrait of Henry, and was gazing at his loved features, when Nanny returned. "Well, what is the matter?" inquired Mr. Mortimer. "Oh, sir, sir, there has been a battle, we have beat the French, but young Master Henry is dead."

And so indeed he was. Elated with hope and glowing with love, Henry counted the hours as they flew, thinking each brought him still nearer to his loved home, and kind friend. But on their own shore, and just as they were making the wished-for port, a French man-of-war hove in sight; and though of superior force, Captain Adamant, much to the joy of his crew, resolved to attack her. "They fought and conquered;" for after exchanging a few broadsides, Captain Adamant ordered the master to lay the Emerald aboard her adversary; and this was no sooner done than, accompanied by Henry, and followed by a gallant and determined band, he leaped on board, and soon overcame all opposition. Henry fought like a young lion; but whilst in the act of cutting down a sailor who was aiming a blow at his captain, he received a pistol-ball in his temple, and expired on the bed of glory, without a groan!

Julia lived to follow Henry to the grave, for his corpse was brought to Swansea, and from thence conveyed to R—, and interred in the church yard; Mr. Mortimer performing the last sacred office to his young friend. Julia planted the "Forget me not" upon his tomb—and she did not forget him; but painful recollection proved too potent for her health; she pined and died, and in six weeks after was interred by the side of Henry. Mr. Mortimer, like a withered oak deprived of its branches, drooped apace, and now occupies a grave beside the youthful pair.

## NATURE'S MISTAKE.

Nature, in some people, seems to mistake the head for the heart, and makes the former soft and the latter hard.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## LE MOULINET—NO. IV.

Puff!—Puff!—Puff!.....*Smokers' Club.*  
 Othello's occupation's gone.....*Shakspeare.*

ON Saturday last, having hurried through my allotted exercises for the morning, I prepared to put in execution my direful threat, and grind the citizens of Gotham to their heart's content. "This is the day, (I exclaimed aloud, as I placed my MILL on the table,) 'the great, the important day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.—Beware, avarice! Tremble hypocrisy! Shrink into your original nothingness, ye upstart patricians, who lord it o'er your betters. Vice is now to be stripped of its mask, and every one exhibited in his true colours. Rejoice, ye favoured few, who fear God, love virtue, and patronize authors. Rejoice, for the hour of your triumph is come; you will pass through this ordeal like pure gold, while the base ———'"

I cannot tell how I should have finished the sentence, as I am one of those thoughtless beings who begin a thousand things, and leave the end to Providence. But as the word *base* escaped my lips, the door opened, and the two-penny postman stood before me, who handed me a letter bearing the New-York post mark, and chalked down two cents in addition to the old score. As this letter appears to be of more importance (at least to the author) than my projected experiment, I hasten to lay it before the reader.

"Ann-street, May 26, 1825.

"TO WATTY WITLESS, ESQ.

"Sir—I am one of those miserable bipeds who live by their wits, and whose wits lie at their fingers' ends. In other words, I live—(if a pint of beer, two crackers, and a smoked herring, per meal, can be termed *living*)—by what your friend Wiseacre would term the "fertility of my pen." In plain English; sir, (for I must out with it) I am *author by profession*!—This confession is, I am certain, sufficient to excite your sympathy, and secure me a patient hearing.

"You are doubtless aware, sir, that the art, or rather the science, of *puffing*, has been tolerated and encouraged in this blessed land of liberty, until it has become completely systemized; and no one, I may say it without vanity, has laboured harder, or done more to produce the desirable result, than your humble servant. In the infancy of the art, you may recollect, it was confined, almost entirely, to *quack medicines*; and generally consisted of a series of certificates of miraculous cures performed by some wonderful *panacea*, that bade defiance to the whole catalogue of human diseases, and emboldened us to laugh in the face of the grim skeleton in the New-England Primer. I can well recollect, in my early school-boy days, of perusing columns of such quackery, until I actually believed that the time was not far distant when that Scripture would be

literally fulfilled, which says, "there shall be no more death."

"But as the potency of steam has rendered useless the application of many inferior powers, so the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe have nearly ruined our more humble medical empirics: for what lady would not rather be cured by a Prince, than to swallow the vulgar nostrums of the shops? This circumstance, together with a very judicious law, prohibiting advertisements of a certain description, which our sapient corporation either did, or ought to pass, has, in a great measure, deprived the rising generation of that wholesome instruction and entertainment which formerly filled the first and fourth pages of a daily newspaper. It is true, that the publishers have adopted a very pleasing substitute, by covering the outside of each sheet with *pictures*, of which children are proverbially fond. But this, again, ruins JANSEN's business, for whose picture-books there is but little demand, since whole families can be so easily, and so economically supplied, by begging an old newspaper.

"No sooner does the ingenious and enterprising inventor of a new way to "raise the wind," succeed in his pursuit, than a thousand numskulls stand ready to profit by his labours. The rapid manner in which the venders of quack medicines acquired fortunes by *PUFFING*, soon opened the eyes of others, in the various walks of life. The humble friseur seized the idea with avidity, and the transition from a powder-puff to a newspaper *squib*, was found to be both natural and easy. A spirit of laudable emulation was soon kindled among the trade, until their *barberous* efforts at wit and poetry were crowned with such flattering success, that they soon shaved more customers, with a *goose quill*, than they formerly did with their *razors*. "IMPERIAL SHAVING SOAP"—with "NE PLUS ULTRA RAZORS," and "INIMITABLE RAZOR-STROPS," met the eye in staring CAPITALS, on every lamp-post, and in every newspaper. Apollo and the Muses were summoned from the top of Parnassus, where they were all merrily capering together, as may be seen faithfully portrayed on the drop-curtain of Chatham Theatre: Rhyme-spinners (poor devils!) were put in requisition, and paid by the square: and

"Rhymes were strung, sonnets sung,  
 "And barber's poles with garlands hung."

"Among many others, your humble servant enlisted, heart and hand, in a cause at once so honourable and lucrative. My talents soon attracted notice, and in less than three months I was appointed poet-laureat to his Imperial Majesty Desborus I. of glorious but unfortunate memory.—The irresistible influence of *my lyre* was soon felt and acknowledged, for the richest and sweetest beauties of classic lore were drawn from the storehouses of antiquity, and consecrated to the service of my imperial patron. Patent *shaving-soap* now breathed its delectable fragrance in playful dactyls or breezy trochees; milk

of roses flowed in smooth iambs, or gurgling tribrachs; sharp razors flourished in pyrrhics, and ringlets waved in graceful anapaests. The order of reading newspapers became completely reversed. Politics, ship-news, auction sales, &c. were no longer thought of by the gentlemen: deaths, marriages, elopements, and horrid murders, were entirely neglected by the ladies. When the "teeming sheet" was presented by the carrier, if no *poetical puff* met the eye, it was generally thrown aside with disgust.

"In fact, sir, there was at this time as great a revolution in taste, as was that of the French in politics; and though effected with less *bloodshed*, it was not far behind it in the flow of *ink*. Barber's poles were consecrated, not to the goddess of liberty, but to the "god of the golden lyre," and thousands of both sexes worshipped at the shrine. An old maiden aunt of mine, I recollect, actually wished herself a man, that she might experience the exquisite pleasure of being shaved by one of Huggins' *ne plus ultras*. Shaving shops soon became "seminaries;" wig-factories, "academies;" dressing-rooms, "emporiums;" chin-smoothers, "knights, emperors," &c. Cæsar boasted that he found Rome of wood, and left it marble. Poor Desborus, (who rose like the imperial Corsican of his own day, from a stool to a throne; and who, like his great prototype, untimely fell, in the meridian of his glory, by the treachery of those in whom he confided)—Poor Desborus, in his last moments, probably exclaimed, "I found barbers in shops, I leave them in palaces!"

"The venders of Lottery Tickets next resorted to the same successful artifice, and found little difficulty in drawing most of the poets over to their interest, as there was "better picking" in a lottery office than in the shop of a hair-dresser. The inventors of patent blacking "followed suit," and shoe-blacks gave a final *polish* to the art. There was the puff ostensible, the puff doubtful, the puff delicate, the puff presumptive, the puff positive, the puff oblique, and the puff direct. It was taken up by hatters, tailors, coat-scurers, play-actors, lawyers, carpet venders, and the Captains of Liverpool Packets. Even clergymen were not at a loss for some good natured friend to give them a passing paragraph; although I have never heard them accused of *paying* for any thing of the kind, or of enlisting a poet in their service. The business now began to be *overdone*, (as the bakers say, when a new oven is heated in the neighbourhood.)—It was becoming too common to be successful; the word itself had lost its original meaning, and was considered as almost synonymous with *LIE*! Even the written recommendations of your learned friend Dr. M. could no longer force the sale of a book, or convince the world that the Babylonian brick was not manufactured by some wag in England.

"Publishers of newspapers at length



became alarmed with the idea that they were enriching others at their own expense. Not content with the increased popularity and circulation which their papers derived from these ebullitions of fancy and wit, the greedy curmudgeons would raise an additional revenue from them, and charge them as *advertisements*! A general meeting of the brotherhood was now called, to take the subject into consideration, at which it was proposed that in future no *puff* should be inserted in any daily paper of this city, except as an advertisement, and paid for at the usual rates! Nay, they carried the spirit of cupidity still further, invading even the hallowed temple of Hymen, as if *money* and *marriage* had any relation to each other.

"In addressing the chair, on this momentous question, one editor asserted that he 'had rather bay the moon,' than *puff* any thing *gratis*, except the *embers*, or a good Spanish segar. Another observed, in reply, that indiscriminate *puffs* had been so common, that they defeated their own object; being no more to be depended on as a proof of real merit, than was the appearance of *blue birds* as a herald of spring. A third insisted that all *puffing* ought to be confined to *caucus nominations*, as that was a legitimate subject, and quite *fair in politics*. He also thought that the gentleman last up had 'travelled out of the record,' as the meeting had nothing more to do with *blue birds*, than they had with *blue laws*, or *blue lights*. This observation appeared to nettles the *secretary*, who doubted the *morality* of the allusion. A fifth condemned *puffing* as unnecessary: he thought that 'good wine needs no bush,' and that it was the province of a *butler* to deal out the liquors, not to praise them; he should consequently support the resolution. A sixth maintained, that every true *Columbian* was qualified to be a *statesman*; and, as such, was competent to judge of any thing without the extraneous influence of *puffing*. At all events, if *puffs* were inserted in daily papers, they ought certainly to be paid for. His opinions, he added, had been already fully expressed in his last poem.

"Printer fool enough,  
Praise the folks so funny,  
He do all the *puff*,  
They get all the money."

A seventh proposed an amendment to the resolution, by excepting all such articles as related to *horse-racing* and *cock-fighting*; which was carried without opposition. An eighth very briefly observed, that the adoption of the resolution would effectually check a growing evil; and although he had no pecuniary views in advocating the resolution, he thought that the sooner the *screws* were applied to it, the better.

"The last gentleman who spoke on the subject, contended that this desultory debate had continued too long, without coming to the point. It was beating the bush, without catching the bird; and vainly chasing the subject round Robin Hood's

barn. A rolling stone, he observed, gathers no moss. He had the honour of being a lobby member at Albany, and was consequently familiar with parliamentary proceedings. He therefore moved for the *previous question*. The question was then put by the chairman, and carried in the affirmative, *nem. con*.

"Thus, sir, from the cupidity of a few interested individuals, has the noble art of puffing received a cruel check; and is, at present, like most of our domestic manufactures, languishing for want of encouragement. Hundreds of journeymen *puffers* are thus deprived of employment, and thrown upon the charity of an unfeeling world; and nothing can prevent the ultimate ruin of their employers, but a *new tariff*, got up expressly for their relief.—A meeting will soon be called to petition Congress on the subject, and pray relief in the premises. In the mean time, I wish you to give publicity to this communication, as I know it would be useless to ask that favour of a newspaper editor; and, as in duty bound, will ever pray, your very humble servant,  
PETER PUFF."

## ORIGINAL TALE.

## THE DISCOVERY; OR, CHARACTERISTICS.

## CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG Marvin had prepared a letter for the idol of his hopes, explanatory of the suit he wished to urge, previous to his leaving home, which he slipped into her hand, when she begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room to her brother and the two visitors.

Nature had graced the hero of our story with a comeliness calculated to please the speculative eye, and science had contributed to render his mind a source of entertainment in the private or in the public assembly. All that parental affection, together with unbounded wealth, could bestow, had been lavished upon William, and fondly looked up to as the precursor of future fame and happiness.

After a short absence, Amelia returned; but her embarrassment fully evinced that William's precipitation was ill-timed, and that there was prior claims to her affection, which required a longer time for deliberation, previous to her engaging in an affair which would seal her future destiny.

A moment's reflection convinced William that, whatever might be the ideas of Amelia respecting his proposition, it would be prudent to withdraw himself from the presence of that glowing countenance which spoke a plainer language than words could possibly communicate. He accordingly invited Edward and the studious brother of the fair Amelia to accompany him in a walk. Edward was all attention, but the grave Arthur seemed little disposed to accede to the proposal; for he alleged that he had just arrived at a very important point in the perusal of an ancient work on the existence of witches, and that it was interesting beyond human

calculation. William's faculties were paralyzed on hearing this strange excuse, and he stood motionless and silent as a statue, until he was roused to animation by the entrance of Mr. Burton.

William, intent on his project, now engaged in light conversation with Mr. Burton, merely to pass a few moments, until he could discover a good opportunity to ply the old man with his wild ideas of happiness in the embraces of his daughter. His wishes, in this respect, were soon gratified; for Mr. Burton, recollecting an engagement he had entered into in the morning, to attend an election of town-officers, to be held at a respectable inn, politely invited young Marvin and Edward to accompany him, adding that they might be a little entertained in hearing the discussions that must necessarily take place on the occasion. This was enough for William; and Edward understanding the project, and not willing to intrude, rather chose to enter into conversation with Amelia than to retard any development his cousin might think proper to make; and Mr. Burton, accompanied by young Marvin, sallied forth to meet the civil electors of Longwood Vale, with all the ardour that pervades the breasts of free-men, on occasions which call forth the exercise of their political privileges.

On reaching the inn they found but few assembled, and it was soon discovered that the god of the tun had already been plying his votaries amongst that few with deep draughts of inebriating nectar. It was therefore judged expedient to leave the house. This motion was joyfully seconded by our hero, who now determined, as soon as they should gain the highway, to make his intentions known to the father of Amelia, and at least discover what he had to depend upon from parental authority. The subject was introduced in a manner best calculated to prepossess the old gentleman in favour of William as a young man of talent and generosity.

"Mr. Burton!" exclaimed young Marvin, "but a few days since, I made you a visit in company with my father: we tarried with you but a short time, during which, however, I became acquainted with your family: it consists of three persons only, and of that number one stands pre-eminent in my affections. I will explain myself, sir; it is your amiable and beloved Amelia. I should betray a weakness unbecoming a man, were I to enter into a detail of my hopes and fears since I first beheld her whose smile could exalt me to felicity—whose frown could sink me to despair!"

"You must be aware, young man," said Mr. Burton, "that the sentiments you have expressed cannot fail to excite in my bosom all the tender sensibilities which a fond father should feel towards an only daughter, in whose face is reflected the image of her dear mother. You see me now afflicted and broken; my only solace in life is the child you ask me to bestow. I am aware that your lineage is noble—that your acquirements are respectable in

the extreme—that your person is prepossessing, and that your wealth is competent; but what, my dear friend, are all these, if put in the scale against happiness? Do not think that I would presume to question the purity of your intentions; but there is an ordeal all must pass who would be considered candidates for matrimony. In point of property, my daughter could not stand in competition with yourself; for it was with but the remnant of my ruined fortune that I commenced business in this village."

"My dear sir," said William, "your tardiness in giving an answer to my question, is but poorly suited to the state of my mind: it is not wealth that I seek, but it is the hand of Amelia—the favour of her parent. The gem of virtue enshrined in such a person, calls forth this declaration; and hope whispers me that my bliss shall be consummated in the possession of that inestimable treasure."

The topic of conversation changed as they entered the dwelling of Mr. Burton. Here they found Amelia busied in teaching two juvenile females the art of embroidery.

Reader, here pause, and in consonance with the sigh drawn from the bosom of Amelia, forgive her embarrassment as she passes, through the hands of her father, an answer to William's letter.

Amelia soon withdrew with her pupils, and courtesy compelled the old gentleman to put the letter into the hand of him for whom it was intended; though anxiety, at the moment, discovered the "big tear" that traversed the furrows of his time-stricken cheek. Nor did Marvin possess sufficient confidence, at this eventful crisis, to disclose its contents; but after a silence of some minutes, pathetically addressed his host to the following effect:

"If the tear that glistens in that eye stands ominous of the future ill fate of Amelia, from this moment forbid that I ever again enter within these hospitable walls; but, sir, should you resort to such a measure, when you reciprocate the last shake of my hand, and catch the last glance of these eyes, now beaming with love, and behold me moving slowly and sorrowfully by the fascinating scenes of your romantic village; if commiseration dwells in the breast of man—give, oh! give but one such tear to the memory of him who lives alone for her—whose soul's best wish is centred in her happiness."

"Do not, my young friend," returned Burton, "for one moment harbour the thought that I would be the means of depriving you of any happiness you may have contemplated; but really I think a little longer time for acquaintance could produce no serious injury to either, and would be a great satisfaction to myself. The first shoot of the passions generally grows rank and the soil in which it should come to maturity proves too feeble for its support: its beauties soon vanish, and it passes away. If you are destined to arrive at my age, and to become the father of such a

child, you may then be called to exercise that paternal affection which I now feel—which cannot cease to exist till arrested by the cold hand of the grim tyrant, in the closing scene of life's eventful tragedy."

#### THE LEGEND OF GENENIEVE.

THE author of this extremely interesting volume is well known as the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine. The muse of Delta never fails of reminding us of some flowery mead, with a soft and quiet stream meandering throughout it: his principal charms arise from his delicacy of sentiment, the simple, unforced style of expression, and the chasteness of his imagery.

#### STANZAS ON AN INFANT.

Even now, begirt with utter helplessness,  
'Tis hard to think, as on thy form I gaze,  
(Experience makes me marvel not the less,)  
That thou to busy man shalt rise, and raise  
Thyself, mayhap, a nation's pride, and praise;  
'Tis hard to let the truth my mind employ,  
That he, who kept the world in wild amaze,  
That Cæsar in the cradle lay—a boy,  
Soothed by a nurse's kiss, delighted with a toy!

That once the mighty Newton was like thee;  
The awful Milton, who on Heaven did look,  
Listening the councils of Eternity;  
And matchless Shakspeare, who, undaunted, took  
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,  
And page by page the wondrous tome explored;  
The fearless Sidney; the adventurous Cook;  
Howard, who mercy for mankind implored;  
And France's despot chief, whose heart lay in his sword!

The "Legend of Genenieve," the principal poem in the volume, is related with great sweetness, and possesses considerable interest: the following graceful description is of

#### THE HEROINE.

Oh! who could paint young Genenieve,  
The aged Baron's only child!  
Upon that countenance, believe,  
Or if she sighed, or if she smiled,  
Unspeaking eloquence reposed,  
Like dew on flowers by evening closed;  
Shaded by bright, soft, auburn hair—  
Her brow serene, and high, and fair,  
Outvied, in its pure arch of white,  
The moonshine snows of winter night;  
Her cheek the rosebud bathed in dew  
Resembled; from her eyes of blue  
Shone out the seraph's depth of hue;  
And for her form, so heavenly fair,  
As in her loveliness she shone,  
Bewitching all that gazed thereon,  
Not Helen could compare!  
Nor e'er was gaze on creature bent  
So artless, or more innocent. *Lil. Magnet.*

#### LINES

Written on receiving a sealed letter with the symbolical motto—"Time flies, but Friendship stays," enclosing a white pocket handkerchief which had been lost several hours, and although bearing no name was thus conveyed to the owner.

O! whence, mysterious Kerchief, comest thou?  
What gentle hand thus folded thee with care?  
Who trac'd that name, and stamp'd that sacred  
vow?

Whosent thee to thy house in shape so fair?  
Couldst thou but speak, and say all thou hast seen,  
What accidents in your pilgrimage you've heard,  
In whose possession you so long have been,  
Or, whisper e'en some fond initial word:—  
But no!—the secret lurks amid thy folds,  
And never, never can be read by me:  
Still, mystic stranger learn, the Owner holds  
Thy seal and writing to remember thee.

#### For the American Athenæum.

#### RONDEAU.

HOPE may perish—still we cherish  
Feelings wedded to the heart;  
Ne'er to lose them from the bosom,  
Till the frame and spirit part.  
As the mateless bird of story,  
Dying in a blaze of glory,  
Fans its fragrant, funeral pyre;  
So the heart, condemned to languish,  
Under love's delicious anguish,  
Feeds the flame that wastes its frame,  
Till its energies expire.

*Hope may perish, &c.*

What though Fortune frown severely,  
There is none, who loves sincerely,  
Would resign a pain so dear;  
Though bemoaning joys departed,  
Dying hopeless, broken-hearted,  
Still we cling to misery's sting,  
When no honied hopes are near.

*Hope may perish, &c.*

PASTORA.

#### MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

The following are the opinions of two ladies, eminent for their literary attainments, on the subject of matrimony:

Mrs. E. Montague says, "I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negatives. 'Tis not kissing—that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding—that's too sour; 'tis not raillery—that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlecock of reply—for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart, nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live entirely either upon metheglen or verjuice."

Again she says, "I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in one, in the charming vicissitudes of—

*"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,  
"Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling."*

"Could that kind of love," says Mrs. Thrale, "be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found; but reason shows us that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so: we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can."

#### MR. BROUGHAM.

In an address delivered at the University of Glasgow, Mr. Brougham greatly underrates the speeches of Cicero, and places them considerably too far below those of Demosthenes. The ghost of Middleton must have been disturbed at the expression of such opinions in such a place: Mr. Brougham himself affects in speaking what he considers as the Demosthenian style and spirit; but such orators as Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine, &c. surpassed him in efficiency and reputation, though they belonged rather to the school of Cicero.

#### MADAME DE STAEL.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 8th of April, Benjamin Constant took occasion to allude to Napoleon's treatment of Madame de Stael. "She was proscribed," he said, "because she combated the



principles of the imperial government;" and remarking some laughter, he added—"she was proscribed during the time when, perhaps, those who applaud this treatment were in the imperial anti-chambers."

## THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1825.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

We this week conclude the memoir of this gentleman. We have presented it to our readers not only from a belief that it will be perused with pleasure, but as the production of a foreign pen, receive the approbation of every American. It goes far to contradict the erroneous impression that he left this country because genius had not her reward. While Europe admires him, America claims him as her own; and we are proud that we have such an ornament to our country on a foreign shore.

## ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Rooms of the Academy are now open to the public, and several excellent specimens of Art are placed among the collection of Paintings which is there exhibited. We were particularly delighted with the full-length picture of our charming favourite, Miss JOHNSON, reclining gracefully over her harp, and her countenance beaming with all that sweet placidity so truly characteristic of the original. The expression of the eyes is a masterly effort of the artist; but we think the mouth, and some parts of the bust, are not so faithfully delineated. To our eye, there is a negligence about the shoulder and waist, which we have not observed in the original, and a stiffness in the drapery, which fails to convey so full an idea as we wish of the elegant and fascinating Miss Johnson.

The lover of the Fine Arts, and of Historical pictures, will be delighted with 1 and 3, by the late celebrated Benjamin West; the first is King Lear in a storm. (Vide Lear, act 3d, scene 4th.)

Lear. *Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body, the extremity of the skies.*

And the third Ophelia's madness. (Vide Hamlet, act 4th, scene 5th.)

Oph. *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember, &c.*

The distinguished artist himself, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is also another very great picture, and represents the master of the past age delivering his last lecture to the Royal Academy.

The Dutchess of Cleveland, by Lely, is another fine picture; the costume is that of the second Charles, and such as the beauties of that age were wont to appear in.

The Portrait of the late J. Kemble, by J. S. Cogdell, after M. A. Shee, is a good likeness, but has rather more freshness about the features than ever belonged to the original.

The pictures by Piranesi, from the walls of Herculaneum, presented by the immortal Napoleon, are the best things in the Directors' Room. The Centaur, with the accompanying group, in bronze, on the table, must also be regarded as a finished specimen of genius and art.

An increase to the collection, and a little more attention to the distribution of light, is all now required to make the Academy what the admirers of the Fine Arts could desire. The Boston Elm, in the Directors' Room, is a beautiful effort of native talent.

We regret to learn that the valuable collection of Minerals, at Yale College, well known as Colonel Gibbs' Cabinet, are to be sold, in consequence of the owner's being about to leave this country for Europe.

It is sincerely to be hoped the purchase may be made by the Directors of Yale College; for this valuable collection has not only been of infinite service to that institution, for the last fifteen years, but has promoted in a material degree the progress of geological science in the United States for the same period.

The American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy, of Captain Partridge, at Middletown, is doing well. The legislature of Connecticut have granted an act of incorporation, and exempted the institution from taxation, and the students from military duty in the State.

At a meeting of the Corporation of the University of Vermont, holden at Burlington, on the 12th inst. John Bell, M.D. of the city of New-York, was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical department of said university.

We have seen a volume, printed at Harrisburg, with the title "The Alphabet of Thought, or the Elements of Metaphysical Science," by a LADY. The authoress appears to be a well-informed woman, acquainted with nearly all the writers on Ontology, cites Reid, Stewart, Locke, Aristotle, Tatham, Beattie, and others, and uses occasionally, mathematical and philosophical exemplifications.

A play in five acts, called the American Hussar, has been written by a citizen of Providence. The scene lies in Rhode-Island. It is to be offered for performance at the Providence theatre.

## THE DRAMA.

## PARK THEATRE.

May 26, Miss Johnson's benefit.—BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND, and CATARACT.—We are much pleased to discover a determination in the public to reward the merits of the performers attached to this respectable theatre; and whether *fashion* (as our friend *Willis* intimated it was, in his last No. of *Le Moulinet*, p. 44 of the *Athenæum*) is the primary motive or a more meritorious one, that induces our citizens to crowd the theatre on these occasions, the effects are the same. Although the weather was such that on an ordinary occasion but few would have attended, the house presented this evening to the fair and accomplished actress

a cheering proof that her numerous friends were not of the fair-weather species. Of the performers this evening we think Mr. Simpson and Mr. Clarke were the most successful, although Mr. Barnes was not out of character in Don Cesar. Mr. Hilson did not appear below mediocrity as Vincentio, but we have been so long in the habit of expecting and realising excellence in his performances, that mere good, homespun acting in him creates disappointment. We feel much provoked at Miss Johnson; (though it is probable that should this notice meet her eye, she will smile at the idea of our presumption in supposing that either the "trick of our frown," or the gaiety of our look, should affect her;) we feel provoked that she should not have afforded us an opportunity of meteing out to her a prodigious quantity of praise for her successful exertions on the evening of her benefit; but we cannot; and, as a celebrated tragedian once said on his benefit night at this theatre, "the least that is said is soonest mended."

May 30.—LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, and CATARACT.—Mr. Barrett having been engaged at this Theatre, made his first appearance this evening, in the character of Gossamer. In his personation of this laughter-loving and laughter-provoking philosopher, Mr. Barrett fully sustained the high reputation he has acquired as an actor in genteel comedy; he was lively and chaste-spirited and natural: there was no buffoonery—no stage trick resorted to—no assumption of self-sufficient airs of conscious superiority, as if he would say to the audience, "Now I shall make you admire me." Mr. B. left us nothing to wish for in his representation of the character. The Bonus of Mr. Barnes was well calculated to support Gossamer; he was truly, to quote an expression from the play, "a comical dog." We were much pleased with Mr. Placide's Sambo; we have generally seen this part represented in a manner that bore no other analogy to the character than the colour of the skin, and we were the more gratified at witnessing its representation in a feeling and correct style. Mrs. Wheatley, as Miss Gloomily, strongly reminded us of the days of our grandmothers, with their enormous hoops, flying tabs, and starched dresses; this lady was the personification of gloom and scandal, and was consequently very happy in her delineation of that repulsive piece of virginity. Miss Johnson was engaging and interesting in the part of Emily.

## CHATHAM THEATRE.

May 28.—GEORGE BARNWELL.—This stupid piece of dull morality, which is nothing but a compound of wretched cant and bombast, and which has hitherto only insulted the virtues and vices of human nature on Christmas and New-Year holidays, (as if its more chilling effects upon the sensibilities of an audience would, by comparison, induce them to forget the severities of winter,) was represented here this evening, to the great edification of the tasteful, and lachrymal, and lackadaisical audience assembled, who were regaled with an account of how G. B. was seduced by an artful woman—how he robbed his master—how he thought that he must not only rob but must murder somebody else—how he fixed upon his nearest relative and best benefactor as his victim—how he stabbed his uncle to the heart—how after committing the greater offence he shuddered at committing the lesser, i. e. taking from his uncle what after death was of no service to him—his money—how he repented—how he became virtuous, and—how he was hanged!

May 30.—HAMLET, and IS HE JEALOUS.—We witnessed the performance of Hamlet this evening with some degree of pleasure; but should we contrast the representation of this piece, and the merits of the actors, this evening, with former occasions, we should not praise; as it is, we think Mr. Brown's Hamlet a good piece of acting; that he has superior talents, and is an accomplished actor, is evident.—Mrs. Waring's Ophelia excited just admiration; Mrs. Entwistle was excellent—and Mr. Fisher was tiresome. Why is it that this gentleman always preserves that dull sameness, whether in tragedy or comedy—in the character of a king or a servant? We are candid, and sincerely hope that those who attend Chatham theatre will ere long witness a change in some of the performers.